Volume LXX CHICAGO, JANUARY 16, 1913 Number 20

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

BY virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be, free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

January 1, 1863. ARAHAM LINCOLN.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1913. NUMBER 20.

IT IS DONE

Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On the morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains,
Tell the nations that he reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Let Us Rejoice!

We give full space this week to the report of the Jubilee Celebration held at Lincoln Centre, Chicago, on Sunday evening, January 5. So far as the reporter's stenographic pencil was able to reproduce it, it is given with photographic accuracy and detail, with the single exception of Hamlin Garland's apt and forceful address, in which he summoned the good great poet to the celebration, and gave Walt Whitman a generous opportunity to speak for himself. We would have been glad to have printed the whole of the address had not the speaker elected otherwise.

But there are some things that a stenographer cannot report and they are always the best things in a public meeting. She could not reproduce the tones of the speakers, the intense interest of the audience, that crowded every corner of Lincoln Centre Auditorium. She could not reproduce the bated breath and moistened eye, and she could give no hint of the throng that were denied admission,—two hundred or more were turned sadly away by the police authorities, in obedience to the prudential ordinances of the city. She could not reproduce the pathos of the minor melodies of the colored group of singers, who were willing to interpret the unique, spontaneous inspirations of the "Quarters" with trained voices and cultured accent. And last of all, the stenographer could give no hint of the delight, the enthusiasm, aye the religious fervor, with which John M. Hubbard's "Old Shady" was rendered and responded to. Only the older citizens of Chicago can understand what it is to hear Mr. Hubbard sing "Old Shady." It has been a classic ever since it was born out of war times, and interpreted by Comrade Lombard and Mr. Hubbard.

That this meeting was not a revelry of the emotions or an uncritical festival of joy will be apparent to anyone who reads the thought burdened words of the speakers. Mr. Brandeis did not abandon his rolé as a scientific interpreter of industrial problems. It was the prophet and the poet that spoke in and through Edwin Markham. In his case, at least, the prophet and the poet stand in one pair of shoes. The words of anxious warning and solicitation spoken by Mr. Williams and Mrs. Woolley struck a responsive chord in that vast audience. There is more to be done, much more. The injustice that lurks in our modern industrial system; the tyranny of prejudice and caste; the social conceits and the aristocratic pretensions that rest on such a shallow basis in America, of course, press with peculiar heaviness upon the emancipated slaves and their descendants.

But it would be a sad perversion of history that allowed these conditions to blur the great and crowning fact that on the first day of January, 1863, the manacles fell from the limbs of four million or more human beings, never again to be restored. By that document Abraham Lincoln permanently lifted the reproach from off our Republic. And that action has been justified by history. The endorsement of fifty years experience has vindicated the wildest dream and the most heroic promise of the friends of liberty. Were Garrison, Whittier, Charles Sumner, and John Brown himself, to return today, they would be astounded by the rising of the race for whose ransom they wrought so mightily. History has no parallel to this half century of progress by the colored man; any recounting of conditions or facing of grim circumstances in despondent tones or discouraged accent is gross ingratitude, a palpable misreading of facts.

Of course there are two victims in the case of every bondsman,—the slave and the slaveholder. The emancipated white man had to face as crucial a reconstruction period as the emancipated blackman. He was handicapped by generations of false theories; crippled intellectually and ethically by prejudices; spiritually impoverished by aborted organs of sympathy. Myopia is a calamity not easily overcome. Improved glasses may do something, but short-sightedness, whether physical or spiritual, is a defect to be dealt with tenderly, patiently. What cannot be reached by regeneration must be ameliorated by generation. It is by new birth that the malformations of the elders are corrected.

With the white man, as with the black man, there is great cause for rejoicing. The whites of the South and the North have been reconstructed at

a marvelous rate. He reads contemporary history blindly who allows the outrages, the mob violence, the silly conceits and the unfounded prejudices in many quarters, to blind him to the fact, to the mighty fact, the astounding fact, that past slaves have been received with cordial neighborliness; that the auction block has given place to real estate titles, gladly granted by former masters to former slaves. The lash has been replaced by friendly courtesies. Notes of hand have been exchanged between black and white, and the white man is growing more and more ashamed of his insincere and illegal treatment of his fellow colored citizen. In spite of all absurd and reactionary "grandfather clauses" the black man's ballot is being counted more and more. Let us rejoice then over the unfinished problems with a cheerful hope. Let us sing down the injustices, and not try to cure race prejudice with curses.

This celebration was held in the Lincoln Centre, but it may rightly be considered a municipal affair. The hundred and twenty-five or more chairs arranged on the ample platform back of the speakers were occupied by representatives of all phases of the best life of Chicago. University men and bankers, judges, lawyers, doctors, teachers, men and women, black and white, native born and foreign born, were there, representative of as cosmopolitan an audience in front of the speakers. Chicago seldom musters, perhaps has never mustered, a more cosmopolitan audience, and Chicago's maximum in this direction is probably the nation's maximum. Let the nation, then, join with Chicago and "Old Shady" as interpreted by John M. Hubbard, in singing:

"Then away, away!
I can't stay here no longer,
Hurray! hurray! I's 'gwine home!"

Edwin D. Mead, in his article on "The First Mohonk Conference," in the issue of this paper of December 26th, gives to Dr. Trueblood the credit of making the first suggestion of an international high court of arbitration. But it is interesting to remember that at the Parliament of Religion held in Chicago in 1893, two years before the first Mohonk Conference met, the Shinto High Priest, Archbishop Shibata, set forth in eloquent terms a plea for just such a court, where the interests of the smallest islands of the Pacific would be as safe as those of the highest military power, because, such a court would judge according to the requirements of equity and not according to the military power of the litigants. This address of the Shinto priest reached the high water mark of enthusiasm generated at the parliament, always excepting the phenomenal experiences of the opening and closing sesssions.

Jubilee Celebration

of the

EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVE

1863 - 1913

Abraham Lincoln Centre

Sunday, January 5, 1913, 8 P. M.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Chairman

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MRS. ANNIE L. KELLY.

Singing, "America"

THE CHAIRMAN: Let us listen to a great document which belongs to the Scriptures of the ages. Maurice Kuhns will now read the Proclamation of Emancipation.

MR. MAURICE S. KUHNS: "The Emancipation Proclamation."

THE CHAIRMAN: Friends, it is with profound emotion that I welcome you on this occasion. The Abraham Lincoln Centre has a welcome to you at any time, under any conditions. Tonight it says with devoutness, "For this cause came I into the world. For this purpose were these walls reared and dedicated to the memory of the great Democrat whose crowning deed we celebrate tonight, on its fiftieth anniversary."

The Abraham Lincoln Centre, in a degree, has a right to speak for Chicago. Tonight it speaks for civilization. The event we celebrate is one to be interpreted by the philosopher, the sage, the prophet and the poet. In the name of the guardians of human liberty, in the name of the martyrs of progress, in the name of the unrimmed humanity, I welcome you to this celebration of the great epoch-marking event.

This is an occasion for liturgical dignity. I ask you to read with me responsively words that come from the Hebrew Scriptures, and to remain standing during the prayer that will follow:

RESPONSIVE READINGS:

I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of a horrible pit out of the miry clay and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings. And he hath put a new song into my mouth, even praises unto God.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore we will not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

Cast thy burden on the Lord and he shall sustain thee; he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

Thou hast delivered my soul from death and my feet from falling. I will not be afraid what man can do unto me.

TOGETHER:

Thanks be to God who hath given liberty to the captives, beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they may be called trees of righteousness, the planting of Jehovah, that he may be glorified.

PRAYER.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Father, touch us with a sense of kinship at this moment; help us to realize the ties that bind us to the farthest and the weakest. Help us to feel, Father, that behind us surge the tides of history bearing us forward. Teach us our new duties. Make us worthy the great inheritance. Father, forbid that we should forget; help us to remember; that, in Thine own good time and Thine own good way, Thy Kingdom may come through us, for us, and with us, now and forever more. Amen.

THE CHAIRMAN:

"Voice of a ransomed race, sing on
Till Freedom's every right is won
And Slavery's every wrong undone."

No voice so fitting to respond to this high scripture as the voice of those who fifty years ago, they or their fore-elders, were changed from chattels and "contrabands" to citizens. Let our fellow citizens, the Fisk Jubilee Singers, respond.

FISK JUBILEE SINGERS: *"Didn't Hear Nobody Pray."*

THE CHAIRMAN: I always pity those whose memories cannot reach back fifty years. The thrill came to me as a boy in the tented camp, when, on the wings of the telegraph came the exciting and stimulating news of a great celebration in Boston, one striking feature of which was a poem from out of the heart, as well as the mind, of him whom I then regarded, and still regard, as the great American poet, Ralph Waldo Emerson. From that meeting, fifty years ago, hot from the wire, came the proclamation to which you have listened.

Last Wednesday night that program was, so far as possible, reproduced at a great meeting in Boston, and Emerson's Boston hymn was read by another voice fifty years from the time when it first fell on Boston ears.

(Reading of Boston Hymn by Mr. Jones.)

THE CHAIRMAN: Prophecy is not dead. Vision has left the eyes of the men of Boston. In the fulfillment of this prophecy, in the continuation of this inspiration, Boston still has her voice to plead for the poor, to prescribe the only remedy for suffering, which is justice and righteousness, recognizing the rights of every man born of woman, and therefore child of God.

LOUIS BRANDEIS OF BOSTON IS HERE!

ADDRESS.

LOUIS BRANDEIS, BOSTON, MASS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is fitting that we should rejoice today; rejoice over that great even which we specially commemorate, rejoice even more that the great cause of liberty to which Lincoln's life was dedicated, prospers today as it has never prospered before, because, today the obligation of society to secure to each of its members the opportunity for development, and for the happiness that comes with it, is recognized more fully, more widely, than at any time in the history of the world.

When Booker T. Washington made his tour through Europe to find the man "at the bottom," he found, of course, misery everywhere. But what impressed him was not that men were downtrodden, but that men were rising; that he saw everywhere evidences that, bad as conditions were, they had been worse; that men did not despair, but they hoped, and that they saw the Golden Age before them and not behind. In every land, be it empire or monarchy, he found a recognition of the new "noblesse oblige"; that those whom fortune had favored recognized the obligation of service, and that men had begun to see that men should advance—not the few at the cost of the many, but all together. And he saw that whether in empire or in monarchy the method of advance was democratic. Men were not to be raised up, they were to be given the opportunity of rising, and the lowest was to be given the opportunity most liberally; that the gospel of service and the gospel of democracy are the basis of our hope for the world, the liberation of man, and real development in each country, each city. And to aid that development there has come into our world a force, the like of which has never existed before. Virtue need no longer blindly grope, democracy no longer is impotent, because science comes with its beacon light and leads men on to where we may say that deeds, that we dare not dream of, may yet be done. Each day the wonders of scientific development bring evidence that the misery that surrounds us is not inevitable; that in the social and industrial life there may come relief; on the one hand, the wonders of medical science, on the other, the wonders of industry point the way. Each social and industrial basis of suffering is to be subjected to diagnosis. Let us know and ascertain the cause of misery, and like the great physicians of today we shall see, also, and work out the remedy.

Think how little has yet been done in the effort to recognize and remove social and industrial evils; how little there has ever been of social invention as compared with the inventions of the mechanical world; as compared with the monster strides which medicine has made, so that almost each day records a great advance, and the realm of human suffering is gradually receding before the master minds. What medicine has done, what the mechanical arts have done, that may we do in the social and industrial world, because not only does science aid us in each step, but science has come to multiply one hundred and a thousandfold the productivity of man.

Misery is not inevitable; misery only has stood because of our ignorance or our indifference, and the time has now come—in this day of recognition of brotherhood, this day of recognition of democracy, this day of science,—to bring us the true, the perfect liberty of man, wherein each may live in full development and in full justice to others.

THE CHAIRMAN: The subtle spirit of this occasion, the inspiration of this presence, has unconsciously revised the order of our program. It was more logical that the voice from Boston should follow the Boston poet.

Now, we drop down in the geographic line and welcome the poet from New York, one who has been proclaiming the gospel of brotherhood in such winsome measures that we were all prepared to love him before he arrived, and we are sure his presence will increase our affection.

EDWIN MARKHAM OF NEW YORK IS HERE!

ADDRESS.

EDWIN MARKHAM OF NEW YORK.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: May I call you friends, for I can feel the spirit of friendship already.

It is an epoch in my life to have visited the Abraham Lincoln Centre; I shall remember the event as long as I live and I expect to keep on remembering it far out into another life.

This morning I had the rare pleasure of hearing Jenkin Lloyd Jones deliver a sermon on Democracy. It was the greatest sermon on that great theme that I ever heard and I have heard hundreds. It was thoughtful, inspiring, majestic. It touched both brain

and heart; and if I had not been a democrat before, I should be one now. It sounded out like the seven thunders of Patmos, shaking all round the horizon. When we have more such words from the pulpits of America, there will indeed be a spiritual and political awakening that will satisfy even the vision of the Hebrew Prophets.

I am happy to be here, for this Lincoln Centre goes down to wrestle with the social problems of life. We are here tonight in the name of the great martyr, Lincoln. We all remember his sweet humanity, his abounding humor. Friends, do not let it out, but I have a story of his that never was in print, and I am going to tell it to you, if you will not tell it to anybody else. On a certain occasion there were a number of art students in the presence of Mr. Lincoln. They fell into a heated discussion as to how long a man's legs ought to be. Important matter, this, to know how long a man's legs ought to be in comparison with his torso, with his face and the extent of his feet. They turned to Mr. Lincoln to resolve the doubt. "Well," said the beloved Lincoln, after a moment's reflection, "I think a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach to the ground." Now, I want to say that I believe that religion ought to have legs long enough to reach to the ground. Religion must reach down into the vital life of the people, where they struggle and fight and die. Let religion take a fresh hand hold upon the social problems of the hour; for every problem is a religious problem. What is religion? It is the effort of man to relate himself to his fellows and to the One who watches. On its practical side, it is the effort to make the passion of brotherhood the working principle of the world. I am happy indeed to be here, where we see an attempt to put religion into practice. What is the beauty of the Lord, the crown of all beauty? It is religion in action.

I will indulge myself in giving a few brief birdseye views of Lincoln, this lofty soul whom we love and reverence. First, I want to say in passing—I must hasten—that Lincoln had a right to be considered a literary man. Not that all his speeches were literary; some of them were, from the point of literature, commonplace. But there were three times when he rose into the loftiest eloquence—in the Bixby letter, in the Second inaugural, and in the Gettysburg speech.

Lincoln was also a lover of men; perhaps that was his most prominent characteristic. A lover of men is a rare type. It is easy for me to love those that are specially of my clique—how easy! It is very easy to love those of my caste, and to consider that all outsiders are rubbish. But to love men, to respect them for the divine ideal that is embodied in them, to really feel unity with men, all men, regardless of their condition—that demands in us a moral genius. There have been two other men at least that I think of at the moment who could do that, and who did do it, Chaucer and Sir Walter Scott; yes, and also Walt Whitman.

A servant of Sir Walter Scott once said of him: "Sir Walter speaks to every one as if they were blood relations." That was Lincoln; he dealt with every one as though he were a blood relation.

There is one book that has been published that contains forty-five reminiscences of Lincoln by as many persons; and fifteen of these writers dwell upon the kindness, the obligingness of Lincoln. Twenty-two of them have words of similar import; and all of them speak of his generosity, of his simplicity, of his approachableness. I turn to page 64 of Eliot Norton's little book on Lincoln:

> "There was such a charm and beauty about his expression, such good humor and friendly spirit looking from his eyes, that when you were with him you thought of nothing except 'What a kindly character this man has.' He was kind at heart to all the world. I never heard him say a harsh word to anybody, I never heard him speak a word of complaint even. I never heard him say an unkind thing about anybody. Now and then he would laugh at something jocose or satirical that somebody had done or said, but it was always pleasant humor. He would never allow the wants of any man or woman to go unattended to if he could help it."

And here is another page revealing his spirit during the Rebellion:

> "When the fiery and eloquent Henry Winter Davis, the stern, blunt, downright Ben Wade, and the unforgiving Thaddeus Stevens, demanded retaliation, confiscation, death, desolation and bloody execution, the voice of Lincoln rose clear above the storm, firm, gentle but powerful, like the voice of God. 'With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right,' he hushed the raging storm of passion, and brought back peace and reconciliation."

Lincoln was a gentleman. That goes with all that I have said. What is a gentleman? I sometimes define a gentleman as a man who does not care a rap whether he is one or not. Then, when I get a little more serious, I define a gentleman to be one whose courtesies are not dictated by his private interests. The gentleman is gentle, and he guides his actions by the Golden Rule. Lincoln was also a humble man. What is humility? A great philosopher,—no, I won't call him great,—but a distinguished philosopher, has arisen, named Nietzsche, who tells us that humility is the mark of slaves; he confounds humility with servility. Now, I am here to say that humility is the supreme quality in character. I do not mean servility. No! no! When I say humility, I mean the power to efface myself for the sake of the Truth. Humility is self-effacement in the presence of the Truth. To be able to put aside my private interests, all of the teachings of the schools, and look at a question honestly—that is the godlike power of the humble man. Humility is strength; on it stands the universe of men and of nature. So the humble man is not a weakling; he is a child to learn the truth and a strong giant to defend it. And this was Lincoln.

Lincoln is the great American ideal. We need ideals. Lincoln is worth more to America than all her battleships, he will do more to save America than all her guns, because we need a great ideal toward which to point the steps of the Future. The lesson of Lincoln's life is in all that I have said; he stood for the old integrities—the old integrities that are at the base of every nation's safety.

> What do we need to keep the nation whole,
> To guard the pillars of the state? We need
> The fine audacities of honest deed;
> The homely old integrities of soul;
> The swift temerities that take the part
> Of outcast right—the wisdom of the heart;
> Brave hopes that Mammon never can detain,
> Nor sully with his gainless clutch for gain.
>
> We need the Lincoln fire to make us feel
> The common burden and the public trust
> To be a thing as sacred and august
> As the white vigil where the angels kneel.
> We need the faith to go a path untrod,
> The power to be alone and vote with God.

Lincoln also stood for the forlorn hope, and in that he is an immortal example. He espoused the unpopular cause. He was hated by the unthinking. That is always a difficult thing, the espousing of unpopular causes; still let me say that there is always peril to every life that avoids the unpopular cause. The life of ease is spiritual death. The love of mere ease is death, for all true life is in moral heroism. We need the awakening voices of the prophets; "stagnation is the disease of civilization."

So I come to my last word. Lincoln was an awakener. The world needs to be awakened—the world is awakening. Every great cause needs its leaders and its martyrs. Lincoln was a leader and a martyr; and so, as my final word, I give you these lines which body forth my vision of his great career and his tragic doom:

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

"When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road.
Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heat with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic ever-changing face.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
The underlaying justice of the light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West,
The strength of virgin forests graced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
And evermore he burned to do his deed,
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king:
He built the rail pile as he built the state,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the thinking heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

FISK JUBILEE SINGERS: *"Swing low, Sweet Chariot."*

THE CHAIRMAN: We are getting along on schedule time, and I propose to run the train according to the time table. Here is an instrument I did not dare show to our honored guests from a distance; it is for home purposes only; I am going to use this gavel on Chicago folks, if necessary, so now they will know what to expect.

The fruits of the Proclamation which we have heard read here are not matters of theory, but are some of the most astounding demonstrations known in history. I turn the pages of history, ancient and modern, in vain, to find a parellel to the Rise of the Black Man since his emancipation.

A little colored child reared by a mother without a father's help,—a great tribute to maternity, a glory has been shed on motherhood here, too little studied,—is bound up in the story of the Emancipated Race. This waif was picked up by a Yankee soldier whom he served by attending to his horse, blacking his boots, etc. He won the affection of that soldier and was entrusted by him to his Michigan mother and father, who opened their hearts and their home to that detached little life from the South. In time the ambitious mind reached out to the great Michigan University and there this colored youth received both classic and professional training. He won the honors of the school, the confidence of his neighbors, and now has a standing in the profession of law, and a place among the servants of the United States.

I take great pleasure in presenting to this audience my friend and parishioner, S. Laing Williams. Whatever he *may say* will be discounted by the splendid demonstration *he is*.

ADDRESS.

FIFTY YEARS OF EMANCIPATION.

S. LAING WILLIAMS, CHICAGO

The mighty significance of the Proclamation issued by President Lincoln fifty years ago is scarcely understood and appreciated by the present generation of men and women. We are living today in an entirely different political and social atmosphere.

The popular understanding is that the Proclamation freed merely the black men and women held in slavery. The important fact is that there were two kinds of bondsmen held in servitude, the slave and the slave holder. Emancipation freed both, master and slave. I believe that the time will come when our religious and ethical understanding will become so enlarged and purified, that the white men who held other men and women as chattels will be more the objects of pity than was the black bondsman. The blight of slavery pulled us all down to the lowest levels of savagery, and after fifty years of freedom we are still endeavoring to get rid of the hate, the prejudice and the injustice that poisoned the whole atmosphere of our national life.

After fifty years of emancipation we are here to rejoice over the long distance we have traveled to this day when we can openly confess our great sin of commission and omission. The man who is mostly concerned as an object of emancipation, is here, and is coming more and more in evidence, and is by all indications destined to play an important part in the future history of this country.

He is fast overcoming the fear and timidity and blight of bondage. The nation is slowly but surely readjusting its feeling and ethical responsibility to this man, who had the nerve and courage to help free

himself, and to help in the enlargement of the idea of liberty and American citizenship.

We are here to rejoice that Emancipation has been such a tremendous success, and because the emancipated man, was a man every inch worthy of his freedom. To use a familiar vernacular, the man emancipated has been an everlasting hustler. Though starting from the zero point of dependence and poverty, he has become a farmer owning and working thousands of acres of land, in all parts of this country. He has become an ever-increasing taxpayer. He has become a builder of churches, of school houses and homes, in every part of the land. He has gone into business, establishing scores of banks and insurance companies, in the management of which there has been no charge of defalcation or mismanagement. His assets today, after fifty years of freedom, are 900,000,000 dollars in farm lands. He has won high degrees from the best universities of America and Europe. He has become a member of Congress, a United States Senator, and a minister to foreign parts, representing the United States government, and in no case has he been disloyal to his country. When the monster rebellion, from 1860 to 1865, put this nation in peril, it was the black man, 200,000 strong, who eagerly came to the rescue and saved the nation from ruin.

Is this new citizen of the American Republic, with all these evidences of his efficiency and loyalty, a fit man to be valued at his true worth? Has white America got the courage and the ethical sense to refrain from doing him injustice? It seems to me, and I think to most of us, that we cannot succeed in this country in trying to establish a double standard of human excellence. We are bound to hold that a man or woman of nobility must not be crushed in this country because of his complexion. We cannot found a great government on the trivial principle of social equality. Let me deserve and have justice to myself and my family and I will envy no man who wraps himself about in the guise of a social superiority.

In the presence of this company of men and women who make and unmake public opinion, I cannot refrain from appealing in behalf of the present generation of bright, aspiring and deserving young colored men and women, who in vain knock at the door of opportunity for employment. They have been educated in the schools that you have built for them, but when they ask for a chance to use their education or training, in factory or shop or business house, they are ruthlessly thrust back with a cruel denial. Fair play to all classes who are clothed with the mantle of American citizenship should be the watchword of our government. The Negro is destined to make splendid contribution to the forces that make for righteousness in government. A government "of the people, for the people, and by the people," cannot be realized in this country until every man and woman can feel that they are needed and appreciated for what they are worth, and can contribute to the well being of the entire country.

We make no plea for favors, we ask only for justice. To ask for less would be to discredit our own self respect.

THE CHAIRMAN: When the Lincoln Centre line wavers, and courage runs low, and my faith is challenged to the quitting line, then we call on Jennie Johnson to sing us "The Song of a Thousand Years."

MISS JENNIE F. W. JOHNSON: *"The Song of a Thousand Years."*

THE CHAIRMAN: I told you there was courage in that song, and I can see that you feel it, too, by the way you sing it. Let us join her once again in the chorus, all of us now! Together!

We are not always short of poets, even in Chicago. We have some on our own hook, we have a native product right here and we are now going to hear from him.

HAMLIN GARLAND OF CHICAGO IS HERE!

ADDRESS.

HAMLIN GARLAND, CHICAGO.

It will not be necessary for Dr. Jones to use that gavel on me, because I haven't very much to say. When he called me over the 'phone, and asked me to take part in this wonderful ceremony, I said, on the spur of the moment, as I always do when he asks me to do something for him, I said, "Yes." Then I set to work in the hope that something would come to me, but nothing did, absolutely nothing. The event was so tremendous that I was absolutely unable to write a line of verse, as he hoped I would be able to do. But it happens that Mr. Markham has spoken of the second great democrat of America, the greatest lover of his kind, save Lincoln, that ever lived in America, and that was Walt Whitman. Furthermore, Dr. Jones has expressed a wish that there should be in our ceremony tonight some statement of the prophet.

The good, gray poet, Walt Whitman, was the greatest optimist I have ever known, and he was one of the serenest and the most far-seeing prophets I have ever studied, and I am going to give you tonight just a few of the lines, hardly related to each other, in which he dealt with Lincoln and with this Republic. I do not think there is anything more fitting for me to do, and so far as the English is concerned, and so far as the thought is concerned, no one can rise above them or go beyond them.

(Here followed some effective readings with brief comments.)

THE CHAIRMAN: I gave Hamlin Garland notice that I expected some big poetry from him. He has unconsciously revealed one characteristic of a poet, when he confesses that this occasion silenced him, that the great event was too much for utterance. Solemn is the march of the centuries. Awesome is half-a-hundred years of such a life as we here celebrate. This audience outreaches the poet's measure. and this occasion is too much for metre.

Sing again, friends!

FISK JUBILEE SINGERS: *"I Want to be a Christian."*

THE CHAIRMAN: I defer to no one in my desire for the unhindered right to science and culture, and all that the arts and the schools can give, for the colored man, but I tell you I shall feel lonesome if I ever outlive the power of these plantation songs. I shall bemoan the culture that robs coming generations of the pathos and the beauty that came from the cotton fields of the South through the voices of those who once were enslaved.

When somebody brought a complaint to General Sherman about the independence and waywardness of

one of his nurses, he said, "Don't come to me with any complaint about Mother Bickerdyke. She outranks me; I haven't anything to say when she speaks." There is only one person in Chicago of whom I am compelled to say the same thing, and that is Celia Parker Woolley.

ADDRESS.

THE WHITE MAN'S ENFRANCHISEMENT.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY

SYNOPSIS—Mrs. Woolley began by saying that it was natural on the occasion of such a jubilee to spend much time in praise of the Negro for the rapid progress of the last fifty years, incidentally bestowing a good deal of praise on ourselves.

But the one most important question of the hour is, "How long will it take the white man to emancipate himself?" She spoke of the race arrogance, the constant assumption of white superiority and right of rule to which the Negro was made subject in every state in the Union; that spirit of jealous dominion and pride of one race, or class, against another race, or class, which threatens our democracy everywhere.

The speaker called attention to the situation in Chicago—broad, free, progressive Chicago—by citing examples of race exclusion and prejudice, active, not only in business circles, but in educational and philanthropic circles. We not only refuse employment to the Negro, the chance of honest livelihood, on any other than menial lines, but we refuse to give him the necessary training for a higher class of work.

The Negro, in spite of the restrictions which he meets at every turn, is doing well, but the white man is signally failing to perform his part in the full work of emancipation.

It is of little avail for large educational institutions to give money and withhold the larger, and only true, gift—opportunity.

The task before us in this matter is not the black man's alone. There must be a larger spirit of active co-operation and trust between the races. Our democracy and our christianity are on trial.

THE CHAIRMAN: Now, I am going to tell a story. The good Mother Superior of the smallest singing class in Lincoln Centre—little tots, fifteen or twenty of them,—came to me awhile ago and said, "There is a strike in my group." "What's the matter?" "Oh, there are ten or twelve little girls who won't go up into the singing class because there are two little colored girls there." I said to her, "You go and tell those little girls to go home," and she did, but they didn't go.

MISS JENNIE JOHNSON: Singing *"America, the Beautiful."*

THE CHAIRMAN: I am sure this audience feels by this time that it ought to do something itself. This celebration should reach out beyond this building. Those of you who feel like helping with the incidental expenses which, of course, exist, will now have an opportunity to take a part in this meeting, and, at the same time, listen to Miss Borden's rendition of some of the National Airs, which stir my blood in the interest of peace, as they once did in the interest of war.

MISS JOSEPHINE BORDEN: *Organ Offertory—National Airs.*

THE CHAIRMAN: This meeting is notable by reason of those who are not here, as well as those who are. I speak for those, some of whom have sent their representatives or regrets from the educational institutions in this neighborhood, and for others, from Lake Forest to Evanston and many more.

Of all our honored guests tonight there is no one that touches the heart more tenderly, or brings up memories more inspiring, than John M. Hubbard, the interpreter of "Old Shady." I have anticipated a call that has come from the house asking that Mr. Hubbard sing us "Old Shady." He refused to do it for me, but I think he will do it for you.

MR. HUBBARD: If it was not a fact that I never could refuse Jones anything, I wouldn't do this, because you know I turned myself down on the music side several years ago. So if I cough, or bust, charge it to Jones. This is a song that I learned from Frank Lombard nearly fifty years ago. It expresses the colored man's delight, at least he tries to express it, at finding himself free, and he doesn't yet know what it all means.

MR. JOHN M. HUBBARD—with chorus by the audience: *"Old Shady."*

THE CHAIRMAN: I will tell you another thing, and I wish the Postmaster General of the United States was here to hear it, the politicians help run the politics of Chicago under the name of "P. M.," but John M. Hubbard, Assistant P. M., has been our Post Master ever since I can remember.

Now, then, friends, as a fitting and tender climax—as any poet will know—let us sing together the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC: *Solo and Chorus.*

THE CHAIRMAN: I have never heard these walls give back a heartier, a more heartfelt chorus. I have never asked the benediction of the Father on an occasion more loaded with meaning and sanctity than this. I thank you for this expression of your loyalty, I thank these friends who have come from afar to touch the chords of kinship and kindle the fires of faithfulness and loyalty, together with us. After the service, these friends will be glad to shake hands with you in the reception room below. Our friend Markham will be on the fourth floor in Emerson Hall tomorrow night, to exchange greetings with any friends who may care to step in and see him.

BENEDICTION.

Help us, O Father, to be true to our great inheritance. Guide us, Father, into the great struggle that awaits us. Consecrate us, Father, to the new emancipation that will free the souls of men from the bonds of selfishness and the tyranny of things, into the beauty, the holiness, the freedom of love in thine own bosom. We ask this benediction, O God, at thy hands. Amen.

The most I can do for my friend is simply to be his friend. If he knows I am happy in loving him he will want no other reward.—*Thoreau.*

Everything that is mine even to my life, I may give to one I love, but the secret of my friend is not mine to give.—*Philip Sidney.*

This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you. * * * I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you. * * * And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them—*Jesus.*

What Shall We Say?—IV.

The Canal and Its Enemies.—What answer shall we give to Admiral Mahan's demand for a greater navy because the Panama Canal weakens our line of defense?

This tireless warrior, in the New York *Times,* tells us that the Panama Canal, once built and provided with costly fortifications, so far from strengthening our position in the militant world (at the best precarious), adds still further to our weakness. Of our whole coast "it is through its isolation the most exposed. It is intrinsically the weak line of the chain." "The fortifications and associated troops are to insure the hold on the canal while the navy may be absent on its mission of action in either ocean, but neither works nor troops will secure ultimate security if the navy be inferior to the enemy's."

The admiral does not state who the enemy is whose imaginary attacks we are spending so much good money to repel. He dreams of war, but only of war against "the enemy." We may infer, however, that it is Japan who is on the watch for this, our weakest spot. He tells us that "the population of our Pacific states is less than twenty to the square mile, while that of Japan is over 300." He further clinches his purpose with reference to an utterance some years old of that fine old Japanese gentleman, Count Itagaki, who has spent his last years trying to remove the element of heredity from titles of nobility, and, thus far without success, to get rid of his own title of Count. Only the Emperor can cancel an honor of this sort. Count Itagaki believes that the people of the world are entitled to an access to any part of it, and that the doors of America should not be closed to Japanese who may wish to take their part in the building of the West. Perhaps he is right. It is a question of social philosophy, and this noble spirited old man has a broad outlook. But this is far, very far, from advocating an armed attack by Japanese ships and soldiers on the Isthmus of Panama. It is infinitely far from ensuring feats of arms or deeds of violence. Some excellent men in the United States have thought that Canada should have accepted our treaty of reciprocity. To say this is very far from committing armies to invade Canada, putting reciprocity through by force of arms.

The purposes of Japan are very simple. She wishes to hold her own at home, to build up her industries, and to pay her debts; and meanwhile to make good her ventures in Korea and Manchuria. She has passed through the terrible calamities of the war with Russia, and her tremendous burden of debt cannot be lifted for half a century. She would not fight us if she could. She could not if she would—and there is nothing in the world to fight about. It would be easier for us to seize any Japanese port than for her to seize Panama. There will be no seizing done on either side.

When information as to Japan's history, purposes and resources is so readily accessible it is not easy to be patient with those belated war experts who talk of Japanese invasions, whether in America, Australia or New Zealand.

The Samoan Precedent—What shall we say of our operations in Nicaragua? No one seems to know. Our marines have fought bravely against somebody, and good men have lost their lives. The Department of State gives no clear explanation, but it is stated in the press that it finds a precedent in our intervention in German Samoa in the year 1899.

It may be remembered that the natives in Apia were "doing politics" rather warmly, but in their own fashion, when, without orders, and on their own initiative, a British and an American warship in the harbor began to shell the town. The single American property owner on the beach, Mr. H. J. Moors, told me that he supposed that the ships were firing salutes until the shells fell about his hotel. He had asked for no intervention or protection. Afterwards marines were landed from both ships, and these, according to the record, "fought shoulder to shoulder against a savage foe." The "savage foe" was led by the genial and pious and, in his degree, scholarly Mata'afa. The machine gun of the invaders became "jammed," and some of the men were killed. One of the "savages" showed me the road the invaders took while Mata'afa's men were hidden in the "bush" along side. They could have killed all the marines except for the orders of their chief. Afterwards the matter of "armed intervention" was brought before the King of Sweden as arbitrator, and it was decreed that the United States and Great Britain are "responsible for the loss caused by their military action." The decision asserted the principle that a nation "has no right to land troops in order to preserve the property or the lives of her nationals." The United States agreed to pay the damages assessed, at the same time refusing to recognize the principle involved. In any event, probably this incident would serve better as a warning than as a precedent.

Military Conscription—What shall we say to the efforts of military experts in Great Britain, the United States, and in the great British colonies in behalf of universal compulsory military service?

Only this: We will have nothing of it. It is not American. It is not democratic. It is not wholesome. This service has been the curse of continental Europe. That no man is a soldier against his will is a badge of freedom in Great Britain and the United States. "Every Englishman's house is his castle." Every Englishman's body (except as freedom is lost by conviction of crime or of incompetence) is secure from official manhandling. The primal evil of compulsory military service is its onslaught on personal freedom. The political evil is that its purpose being war, it keeps the air filled with talk of war. War would vanish if people could only "forget it." It is in itself so irrational, so costly, so brutalizing, that we would have none of it if we could separate it from ideas of "patriotism" and of glory. The conscripts think of war as the ultimate end for which they are "doing time." "The conscripts hope for war," writes a Bavarian sharpshooter, "because they look for a chance to get even with their officers." The petty officers, swarming in multitudes, have no other thought than war. The higher officers (not all of them) look forward to actual war for exercise, for promotion, or for the test of their unverified theories or of their weapons rusting through years of peace. All these men idle or unemployed pile up the taxes, giving the workingman more and more mouths to feed.

We need not deny a certain value—physical, mental, or even moral—to military drill. We need not deny

that a standing army may be made in some degree a school for the betterment of the individual. We would not in the least depreciate the work of those men who have given their lives to the upbuilding of the character of boys in military institutes. To act together, to act promptly, to obey orders—all these may constitute the best of training for young men. All this has a value wholly outside of war. It has nothing to do with unwilling conscription.

Enforced military service of grown men bears the same relation to military discipline of willing students that stoking a furnace bears to building one's own campfire in a forest. The successful military school has sympathetic teachers, men to whom the end of the work is character building. It deals with boys at that age in which order and obedience furnish the best lessons. It is as far away as possible from the atmosphere of barracks and brothels, the chief features of the idle standing army.

Military service considers only the purpose of war. Its discipline the world over is under incompetent, narrow-minded, irresponsible and often profane and brutal teachers. As a school it is at best the most costly, inefficient and belated. Its work is begun too late in life to have educational value, even were the war authorities anxious to give the individual soldier industrial or other training to fit him for civil life. Besides this, the standing army has been for centuries the reservoir of the "red plague" parasites. Under the most favorable conditions physicians have been able to reduce the number of victims of veneral disease from about one in three to one in six. In tropical service the proportion of men ruined or half ruined is far greater.

The "white slave traffic" of today is an outgrowth of the standing army. Requisitions have been published, signed by commanding officers and frankly drawn on associations of pimps. The term "white slave" was first used by Napoleon III, who applied it to his conscript soldiers, those whom Napoleon I called "chair pour le canon"—"meat for the cannon."

In 1867 the great journalist, Emile Girardin, wrote: "If war is to be suppressed in Europe, this must be done gradually. The first step is the abolition of the 'white slave traffic,'—that is, of military serfdom, the suppression of the drawing lots for men. It is here that a beginning should be made."

Now that the conscriptionists are hard at work in England, active in the United States, and successful in New Zealand, it is time to stand for individual freedom and individual peace. We make no criticism of military drill in schools or other well guarded establishments, when it is voluntary and part of a well planned course. We pledge ourselves to a permanent fight against the military conscription which burdens Continental Europe. We find our answer in the words of the Honorable Mr. Runciman, of the House of Commons, spoken at Elland in opposition to the plans of Lord Roberts in England: "Lord Roberts knows little of the North of England if he imagines that it would ever submit to conscription. War is only inevitable when statesmen cannot find a way around or through difficulties that may arise, or are so wicked that they prefer the hellish method of war to any other method of solution, or are so weak as to allow soldiers, armament makers, or scaremongers to direct their policy."

In any international difference, war should stand as *the last resort* and not the first. If force is kept in the background and all other methods are tried out first, there will not be many wars in your day or mine. The few that we shall see will have the motive of robbery of the weak, or else the motive of revolt against age-long operations of "military pacification."

Entangling Alliances—What shall we say of Washington's warning that we of the United States should keep free from "entangling alliances"? Do we realize how sound this advice was, and that the provision of our constitution which prevents secret treaties is one of the most valuable clauses in that noble document?

In it, we may remember, it is provided that an international treaty originating with the executive must be approved openly by the Senate before it can have any value. No minister, no president, can secretly pledge the nation to any line of action. No President, no Senate, no Congress, acting alone, can make any declaration of national policy. For these reasons, the United States must stand outside of the tangled snarl of concessions and intrigues which we call "world politics." It must play its international games with open hands. It cannot be the secret friend of any other nation. It cannot be a secret enemy, because all acts of friendship or of hostility are open to the world.

In the present crisis in European politics the people in no nation know where the nation stands. By the law of "continuity of policy" Sir Edward Grey, in London, is bound to the international agreements made by his predecessor in office, his opponent in politics. No English citizen knows how far he is pledged to France, or to what degree he is to be blind to the designs of Russia. He knows that there is a "triple entente," a three-cornered understanding, and that this entente pledges England to inaction in Morocco, Persia or Mongolia and to acute and active protest should Germany attempt to extend her control by force. In like fashion Germany is bound to Austria, to Italy, to Turkey, in varying degrees; and no German knows when his empire's responsibility in the renewed triple alliance may leave off. Germany may suspect Austria of a desire to fight, in order to secure unity at home. She may disapprove of Italian greed and folly. She may deplore the fate of Turkey or she may recognize it as just or inevitable. No good citizen of Germany cares a straw whether Durazzo is in Servian or in Austrian hands, or in the hands of its own people to whom it really belongs. The very existence of Durazzo is no concern of his. But the secret treaty may force him to give up his life somewhere in the blood-washed Balkans, that Austria may block Servia's hoped for "window to the sea." He can only guess at the future. He must await the outcome of the secret treaty before he can define his own patriotism.

The secret treaty is a relic of the military state. The civilized world is still organized on the mediæval theory that war is a natural function to be expected in the normal course of events, not a hideous moral, physical, and financial catastrophe. In the old theory as expounded by Machiavelli, the king has no other business but war. It is the duty of his ministers to find weak places in the defenses of other kings through which war may be successful, and to find, after the fact, excuses by which war can be justified. The late Italian war was begun and continued on strictly me-

diæval lines. The secret treaty, the concession to a friendly power, the artificial interference with a rival, —all these belong to the days of Machiavelli. If all parties concerned could come out into the open, where the United States is forced to stand, we should soon have an end to the Anglo-German struggle, of the rivalry between the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance.

Outworn ideas of national glory, outworn figures of speech as to national purposes, outworn mediævalism in our conception of the state,—all these find expression in the "secret treaty," the "entangling alliance," which is a chief obstacle in the way of the conciliation of nations.

"The Christian states hold high debates,
In the justice of their creed,
Will 'divvy the loot' on terms that suit
Now that the lands are freed."

—*Karl Green.*

DAVID STARR JORDON.

World Peace Foundation.

EDITORIAL SYMPOSIUM

Continued from UNITY, January 9

H. BARNSTEIN—

The six best books I read in 1912 are: Mary Antin's "The Promised Land;" Zangwill's "The War God;" Zangwill's "The Next Religion;" Brieux's "Plays;" Dostoieffskey's "Crime and Punishment;" Jane Addams' "A New Conscience and An Ancient Evil."

2402 Labranch St., Houston, Tex.

FRANK A. GILMORE—

Answering your invitation to tell what books of the past year have been most worthy, I would say that I have received profit and pleasure from "Old Age Deferred," by Dr. Lorand, a most practical and sensible work that should be read by all who have passed the meridian of their days. Also from "Views of a Catholic Anatomist," by Professor Dwight of Harvard. The value of this work is its conservatism in showing how far one scientific man, at least, is from accepting all of the current talk about evolution and the artificial production of life. It shows at the same time that a man may be both a Catholic in good standing in the church and a teacher of science in one of the foremost universities in the world.

First Unitarian Society, Madison, Wis.

E. P. POWELL—

From the MACMILLAN'S I am in receipt of a Merry Christmas in the form of "A Book on Winter Sports." Well, I shall have to own up that there is something in snow, and a sort of joy in sliding dowhill that we cannot duplicate down here in Florida. I am a little surprised to find how many of the sports described here, and illustrated are dependent upon snow and ice. Our boys can play ball all winter, and during the holidays they have their Fourth of July rackets, with fire arms and fire works, but no skating or tobogganing or sleighing. It suits me to a dot, but I imagine these boys and girls are missing a world of fun. I would like to hear them rushing in, after a sleigh ride, shaking off the snow and warming their fingers. This book is edited by J. C. Dier, and is finely illustrated. It is one of the best holiday books I have ever seen. The separate articles are written by some of our best writers.

The senior editor recently asked me for a list of those books which had most stirred me during the last year. I could not think of anything of supreme importance in the literature of 1912, although it gave us some very good books. I think among the best of them were those of Professor Rauschenbusch. But just then came in from the University of Chicago Press, a book that will bear well to stand at the very front of the literature and the work of the present times. It is the one book that you cannot possibly do without. Without anything like an analysis, of even a single chapter, I wish you would turn to Chapter Nine, so as to understand what is meant by the Eugenics Movement. Is it comprehensible that at last man has gone to work to create a better race,—actually to eliminate the causes that degenerate, and to establish firmly working principles that will give to every child born into the world a fair chance to begin life at a decent angle, and then make progress? The present blundering, higgledy-piggledy breeding business does not belong to advanced humanity. We are coming to the time that Darwin foresaw when we shall take as much care of human breeding as we do of breeding our pigs and horses. I wish every thinking person would buy this book, "Heredity and Eugenics," published by the University of Chicago Press.

"The Upas Tree" comes to us as a Christmas story, by Florence L. Barclay, whom we remember so well as author of *"The Rosary."* It is not anywhere near as good a book, but to many may prove to be decidedly readable.

A MAN.

The spiteful will slander, the timid will clamor,
The sordid will barter, the crafty will plan;
But thanks be to God! that the strokes of His hammer
On Destiny's anvil has made us a Man!

One man who was faithful whatever assailed us,
Whose arm we found ready, whose heart we proved just;
A man with a vision, who never has failed us,
The man we have tested, the man whom we trust.

When others could falter, faint-hearted and hollow,
He caught up our banner, he rallied our might;
And glad were the hearts of the young men to follow
The Leader who laughed in the heat of the fight.

We called him to aid us when evil assailed us,
And still as our champion, still in the van
He battles, the Captain who never yet failed us,
Clear-sighted, true-hearted. Thank God for a Man!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

In New York Evening Mail.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

ACKNOWLEGDMENT

The undersigned are happy to report the recovery of the young minister on whose behalf we have twice appealed for funds through your columns. Our young friend is now able to return to the work of the liberal ministry, the only condition imposed by the physician in charge being that he shall for the present serve a church in a climate where there will be no danger of a relapse. We are assured that in the course of a year or two he will be able to work efficiently in any climate.

We take this opportunity to thank the many who responded so promptly and so generously to our appeals and to congratulate these friends on the successful outcome of their efforts to reclaim this human life and to restore a man of unusual ability and consecration of spirit to our liberal cause.

REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES,
Church of the Messiah, New York City.
PROF. F. C. DOAN,
Meadville, Pa.

A BUSINESS MAN'S VIEW OF LOCAL OPTION

We quote below from a letter written by W. H. White, president of the W. H. White Lumber Company of Boyne City, Mich. The White Lumber Company is one of the largest firms in that state, and Mr. White's testimony concerning the effect of county option upon business is of great value:

"I will do my best to meet you in Detroit and hear the discussion as to the best method of getting a bill through Congress regulating the shipping of intoxicating liquors. As you say, there is nothing of more importance before us today, and if our federal government would take hold and assist the state government, I think a great deal of good could be done.

"I am living in a dry county, out of which the business men have had a hard fight to keep the saloons. The benefits have been so great and apparent that we all feel more energetic than ever before to push the work and keep them out. Our county is in better shape; has better citizens and better labor. The homes of the laboring men and of men who were formerly heavy drinkers are kept up better; besides, their families are better cared for and better clothed, better fed, etc., and the percentage of children in school has increased to a very large extent. Their savings accounts at the bank have also doubled. We are living in a very clear, clean county as compared with what it used to be, and we cannot see that there is any difference in the amount of our taxes on account of not having the saloon licenses. The county also has fewer drunkards, criminals and delinquents to take care of. It seems to me it is an extreme benefit and if it could only be State wide, what a clean, beautiful country this would be to live in."

The American Issue.

The National Federation of Religious Liberals, organized in Philadelphia, in April, 1909, of which Henry W. Wilbur is President, and Charles W. Wendte is Secretary, is to hold its Fourth Biennial Congress in the city of Rochester. A three days' session is arranged for with a high program. Men of national and international reputation are to speak, the most eminent of whom is Professor Rudolf Eucken of the University of Jena. Professor Eucken, at the present time, probably stands at the head of Religious thinkers, among those who are interpreting Life and the Universe in terms of faith. This is his first visit to the United States. He is here as an exchange professor between the University of Berlin and Harvard. It is to be hoped that his visit to America will give him other audiences than those he finds at Cambridge and Rochester. His presence alone will make the meeting noticeable.

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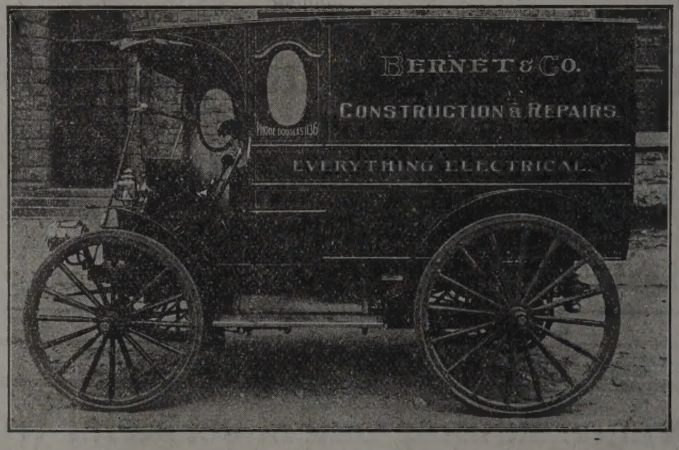

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